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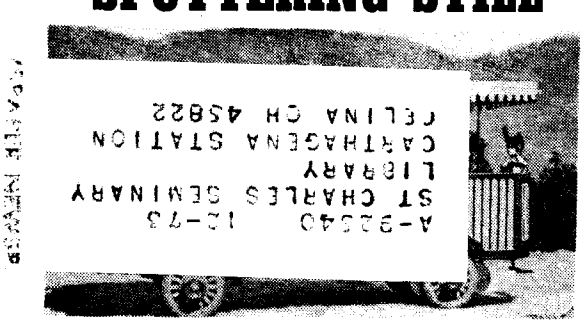

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NEWS & VIEWS

Stocks & Conscience

Some of the nation's most prestigious companies are targeted for pressure in the new issue of *Grapevine*, publication of the Joint Strategy and Action Committee (JSAC), a coalition of home mission boards of major Protestant denominations.

Grapevine has been promoting the establishment of committees on social criteria in investments for the past three years, and in its current issue names typically asocial firms that deserve a hard, critical look from churches and churchmen holding stock in the companies.

Companies and complaints against them are itemized as follows—

Northern States Power: environment;

AT&T, Illinois Bell: consumerism;

DelMonte Corp.: agribusiness;

Pittston Co., Dominion Bankshares Corp.: corporate impact on Appalachia;

Eastman Kodak, GM, Union Oil, IBM, IT&T, Levi Strauss, Xerox Corp.: political influence, internal and structural reform;

Standard Oil (Calif.): corporate policy (groups are seeking more power for minority stockholders, and publication of company's political contributions);

U.S. Steel: corporate policy (groups are seeking an end to the coercion of employees to contribute to a specific political party);

Bank of America: social impact of financial institutions.

This group of firms nowhere near exhausts JSAC's blacklist. It can name more than 200 additional corporations whose policies are in violation of what it considers proper social responsibility.

The challenges are great, but JSAC is buoyed by certain developments, from which it is not excluded entirely from taking credit.

First is the fact that almost every Protestant denomination now has a new investment policy and a committee to carry out the policy guidelines. There was just a handful of such committees as recently as 1970.

Second, the JSAC is beginning to see the results of its campaign to convince corporations of the necessity of a socially oriented business policy.

Perhaps the biggest corporation to see the social light thus far is General Electric, which recently announced a decision to cut its massive military production program by two-thirds. (GE, with defense contracts amounting to $1,620,775,000 has been the country's number-three defense contractor.) The statement of intent from GE president Saul Goldstein could almost have been written in JSAC's offices in New York's Interchurch Center Building:

"While we believe our nation must have an adequate defense establishment, we are initiating this cut as a result of a massive year-long study conducted by GE that proved to our satisfaction that the strength and stability of our nation are in fact being weakened by spiraling wasteful, and in our opinion unnecessary, defense spending. We need to divert our vast scientific and technological energies to life-enhancing needs away from what we believe has become a cancerous fascination with implements of death."

Plus ca Change . . .

The Chicago newsletter *Overview* offers two examples from current news pages of "how to kill Catholic education":

In South Bend, Ind. Mr. Cy DeVliegher, principal of Marian High School decided that four male seniors sported hair too long to be edifying in the school's yearbook and pulled their pictures. "Students must realize," he said, "that the annual is a book for administration, parents, business, patrons and community as a whole as well as the students." He took steps to make sure that all the students pictured this year conformed to what he termed a "Jack Armstrong-All American Boy" image.

Meanwhile in Hoboken, N.J., pastor Juniper Alwell became so upset when only 45 parents showed up for the year's third meeting to form a Home-School Association that he closed St. Joseph's Grammar School and sent all 320 students home with a note that students whose parents did not attend the meeting would not be readmitted until the parents explained their absence from same.

Quotes of the Week

- Environmental Protection Agency administrator William Ruckelshaus in a *New York Times* profile: "It's a patriotic act to buy a new car each year."
- Herbert Stein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Affairs, on the problem of price roll-backs: "Some prices were higher in 1927 than they are now. For example, color television sets were higher in 1927."
- A Wynnewood, Pa., man on Congressman Bertram Podell's bill to shift the observance of Thanksgiving on years when it coincides with the date of President Kennedy's assassination: "Christendom is indeed fortunate that the assassination did not occur on Dec. 25."

LNS

- Thomas J. Costigan, press assistant to Labor Secretary Peter Brennan, in confirming *Newsweek*'s revelation that Brennan packed a pistol in a hip holster: "When you think about it, it saves the Secret Service protection."

Odds and Ends

—In the reams of copy churned out in conjunction with the meat boycott, nothing crystallized issue and implications more neatly than one paragraph of a letter of Arthur Cohen to the *New York Times*: "Recall the holocaust, Biafra, Pakistan, Vietnam. Boycotts then? None. The arousal of the stomach and the appeal of the purse, not the sight of human destruction, apparently arouse my countrymen. No thanks."

—The Salvatorian Order, which went into bankruptcy in the U.S. in 1970 as a result of a multi-million dollar loss in investments, has reorganized, and launched a modernized apostolate featuring "team" programs, part-time apostolates, and the introduction of laity into the Salvatorian community. The new start is made possible with the satisfaction of almost 1,200 creditors, who were paid more than $2.5 million (about 35 cents on the dollar) upon approval of a federal bankruptcy referee. The order ended up having to divest itself of most of its properties, including seminaries in Lanham, Md., and Blackwood, N.J.

—When the Judiciary Committee of the Connecticut Assembly convened to vote on a proposed shield law to protect newsmen from having to disclose confidential sources, only six of the committee's 35 members showed. They voted 6-0 to kill the bill. Said Stamford Republican legislator James Bingham: "It's just not the year for a shield law." Later the same day, the Connecticut House voted 83 to 49 to restore the death penalty.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Quoting Quotes

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I think some of your readers may have been misled by references to the *New York Review* in your issue of February 16th in which Michael Novak wrote as follows:

> All of which suggests that one of the least trustworthy constituencies in our Republic is that of the educated and the well-informed—not because intellect is to be distrusted but because intellect is there so systematically flawed. Today I read in the *New York Review:* "My God, I said, this is my country, but must my country go so far as Terre Haute or Whiting, go so far as Gary?" . . . Or Nazareth, underdeveloped, sixteen dark centuries before Enlightenment? The emotional world of educated people is very often (so runs the testimony of articles and books) of most terrifying loneliness, "a sense of the self as stranded," where lives are "vacant and barren and loveless," here in the Enlightenment.

A reader might reasonably think that Novak is quoting views of a writer in the *New York Review*. In fact, he is quoting from a review by Michael Wood of several novels and the sentence he quotes comes from a story by William Gass, one of the writers under review. Here is the paragraph in question from the *New York Review* of December 14, 1972:

> "My God, I said, this is my country, but must my country go so far as Terre Haute or Whiting, go so far as Gary?" The names suggest both distances on a map and moral divergences too extreme for the speaker to comprehend. The Midwest, both here in William H. Gass's story "In the Heart of the Heart of the Country" and in David Rhodes's novel *The Last Fair Deal Going Down*, becomes

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WATERGATE

The Watergate was first known as a plush new bent-banana-shaped apartment complex of shops, offices and condominiums on the Potomac. It was a symbol of the post-New Frontier Washington, a luxurious pad for the new rich people that Nixon was bringing to town. The Mitchells lived there in a $140,000 suite. The house had its problems—the walls were too thin—but it was home. Eventually, the Democratic National Committee, in a lapse of taste, made it their home too.

Then, last June 17, Watergate came to mean something else. When five Republican operators were caught bugging and burglarizing Democratic headquarters Watergate became the "caper." Laughed off by Nixon people as a "third-rate burglary attempt," a free-lance prank pulled off by Cuban patriots and party zealots on their own initiative—certainly without the approval of the President or his aides. During the Presidential campaign the "bugging issue" just would not catch on. Not to a nation that had watched a thousand caper movies and television series whose heroes bug, tape, steal and spy; not to a nation with so low an opinion of politicians that they are expected to lie and cover-up; not to a nation that had no great love for Nixon but whose majority got nervous every time George McGovern opened his mouth.

Now, thanks to the *Washington Post*, Senator Sam Ervin, Judge John J. Sirica, Jack Anderson, and the natural tendency of thieves and conspirators to break ranks under pressure and start taking care of themselves, Watergate means something else again. It is the apt measure of the morality of the Nixon Administration—an Administration concerned above all with the preservation and enhancement of its own power, and committed to any policy, from the bombing of Asian cities abroad to the subversion of the political process at home, to achieve that end. It was a small-minded scheme conceived by men so small-minded and yet so arrogant, so sure of their own immunity, that neither the absurdity nor the indecency of their stupid plot occurred to them. So one sleazy escapade has become—like the stage actor's slight pause or gesture—the deed that has revealed—even to Republicans—the true character of the whole White House gang.

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Who will believe President Nixon's April 18 claim that, after ten months of silence and shielding his staff from Congressional investigators, his own "new" investigation has led him to "condemn any attempts to cover up in this case"? Not us. He has met daily with many of the very men now being implicated. Some are his alter-egos. They have managed his campaigns, raised his money, scheduled his appointments, written his legislative programs, press releases and speeches. From Mitchell, Haldeman, Erlichman, Dean, Kalmbach, Zeigler, Kleindienst, Chapin, Colson, Magruder, LaRue and Strachen to lackeys like Hunt, McCord, Liddy and Segretti—all are satellites of Nixon; they exist to promote his career. He surrounded himself with a palace guard who knew his mind and shared his values. Now their zeal on his behalf has become an embarrassment and he will lop them off or let them sink like L. Patrick Gray.

But it won't work. If Nixon had cleaned house last June he might have salvaged something of his own reputation. As it is he has little in the way of a good name to fall back on, and the public—conditioned to think poorly of politicians—will believe the worst. If John Mitchell had gone to his boss in January 1972, when the bugging was first suggested, and had the conspirators fired he would have served his boss and party well.

Up to a few months ago, if any one of the prominent men involved had stepped forward and volunteered the truth he would have at least won some public respect. Now it is too late. We will watch these men quarrel and squirm, and wonder how long it will be before it all happens again.

ROAD TO REINVOLVEMENT

The disintegrating cease-fire in Vietnam is a tragedy of enormous proportions—for those over whose heads the bombers are again flying and shells exploding, and for the hopes of the rest of the world that a genuine peace had at last come to that unhappy corner of the globe. The disintegration moves at an escalating clip, and no party to the conflict seems without blame. North Vietnamese violations are matched by the South Vietnamese, and the U.S. contribution is a diplomacy of threat and major violations of its own.

In many respects the break-down is no surprise. The cease-fire is a fragile thing to begin with, and the Paris pact waved no magic wand over Laos and Cambodia. But it did produce the return of the POWs and the exit of U.S. ground troops, thus ostensibly meeting U.S. policy objectives. The political future was for the people of the area to work out for themselves. Whatever those results, the U.S. was at least out of an involvement in which it had no business. Or so it seemed.

Unfortunately, the U.S. not only refuses to let go in Indochina, but has embarked upon a course of actions that reads like a scenario for reinvolvement: expanded bombing, cessation of minesweeping operations, new funding for widening military adventures. It is as though history had no lessons. The U.S. is moving down a road that can only lead to a new quagmire.

It is a situation that makes most urgent passage of the Case-Church bill in the Senate and the Bingham and Forsythe bills in the House, measures that would bar any further form of military action in Indochina without prior consent of Congress.

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CONSULTATION ON CHURCH UNION

A SHIFT TO LOCAL EXPERIMENTS

Delegates to the 11th plenary meeting of the Consultation on Church Union, the effort to meld a broad swatch of American Christendom into a single church, collectively breathed a sigh of relief in Memphis last month as they quietly scuttled their first attempt at a formal plan of union.

The lengthy plan, which was virtually a constitution for the prospective 22-million-member united church, incited an almost immediate chorus of boos when it was published in 1970, a chorus that grew steadily louder as the months rolled on. A subject of particular scorn among almost all the churchmen who studied the now extinct document was its second half, which purported to lay out the national, regional and local structure of the proposed church virtually to the last jot and tittle.

Many of the delegates to the Memphis meeting, including the Rev. William A. Benfield, who headed the drafting commission that wrote the rejected plan, asserted that the prospects for the Consultation's ultimate success were notably strengthened by the delegates' willingness to write off their blunder as a near total loss.

"My own opinion is that the strength of the Consultation is greater at the moment than it has been at any other time in the seven years I've been a part of it," said the gravelly-voiced Dr. Benfield, a minister of the Presbyterian Church in the United States (Southern).

The past couple of years have been rocky ones for the Consultation, which was formally organized in 1962. Perhaps the greatest blow was last year's abrupt withdrawal of the United Presbyterians from further participation in the scheme. The United Presbyterian Church was one of the four founders of the Consultation along

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with the Episcopal Church, the United Church of Christ and what is now the United Methodist Church. In succeeding years the four original denominations were joined by the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and three black Methodist bodies, the African Methodist Episcopal, African Methodist Episcopal Zion and Christian Methodist Episcopal churches. All are pledged to a quest for a united church that will be "truly catholic, truly evangelical and truly reformed," to quote the Consultation's stated goal.

It is the very diversity of these groups that throws up the main obstacles between the churches and their goal, and at the same time whets the appetite of the Consultation's enthusiasts for success.

Tangoing right in step with the growing American fascination for localism, the Memphis plenary delegates agreed to lay aside for the moment any further tinkering with national architecture for the united church in favor of development of a nationwide network of local experiments in church union. The Rev. Paul A. Crow, the Disciples of Christ church historian who is the Consultation's general secretary and chief staff officer, said there would be about 30 of these "generating communities" organized across the country under the general supervision and pastoral care of the Consultation's national office.

These generating communities, by definition, are to be "experimental communities where Christians have manifested and committed themselves to a shared life based on the 'marks of wholeness' of the Church of Christ Uniting," as the united church is provisionally named. The marks of wholeness, in the Consultation's jargon, are elements in the vision of the united church that the planners believe to be generally absent from the existing institutions of the participating denominations—genuine racial and social diversity; responsiveness to God's revelation, judgment and grace and at the same time openness to new expressions of Gospel truth; and a determination to build an ordered life founded upon the diversity of heritages and alert to still further enrichment from other traditions.

To the extent that the generating communities are successfully launched, they doubtless will attract attention in their local areas and stimulate increased interest in the Consultation and its goals. Perhaps equally significantly, they will for the first time lay upon the men and women who represent the participating churches in the Consultation a responsiblity for the care of living, breathing Christian communities that have committed themselves to the united church hope.

Father John Hotchkin of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops' staff, a veteran observer-consultant to the Consultation, pronounced the new local emphasis a wise change of direction.

"Most of the participating churches have recently gone through major restructures," he said. "This process is almost always threatening to people and shakes up morale. It is not a good time to propose to them that they embark on a further restructuring and unsettling."

Father Hotchkin, working with Father George H. Tavard of the Methodist Theological School in Ohio and Archbishop-designate William W. Baum of Washington, has kept a Catholic eye on the Consultation's progress for several years. He said that Catholics generally regard the 1966 *Principles of Church Union*, the Consultation's principal theological statement, as "very sound" and offering the possibility of rapprochement between the churches of the Consultation and Catholics. At the same time, he went on, many Catholics are mystified by the strong and growing congregationalism to be found in most of the Consultation churches, including several whose polity is theoretically episcopal or presbyterian.

The Consultation's shift of gears undeniably has postponed the date when its supporters can reasonably hope that some or all of the participating churches will vote themselves into life together in a new kind of united church. But the enthusiasm of the plenary delegates made it seem fairly certain that the project is still filled with life despite the temptation of numerous commentators to write its obituary; more than half the delegates to Memphis had never attended a plenary session before and their number included noticeably more women, more young people and more blacks than have previously participated.

Bishop Frederick D. Jordan, who was installed as the plenary adjourned as the Consultation's first black chairman, stated this sense of optimism the most eloquently.

"We not only believe church union is possible," he assured a skeptical television reporter at a press conference. "We think it is the will of God."

WILLIAM R. MacKAYE

(William R. MacKaye is a member of the staff of the Washington Post.*)*

COMING

THOMAS POWERS writes about journalists and grand juries:

"More than 40 bills have been filed in Congress to guarantee the rights of reporters, but the issue, and the bills themselves, are so complex there is a distinct danger Congress may compromise the First Amendment while trying to protect it. The problem is to write a bill which would protect a newsman's right to keep his sources confidential . . . without giving journalists a unique right to refuse to testify about anything, anywhere, under any circumstances."

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THREE TYPES OF CATHOLIC

MICHAEL NOVAK

What categories help us to understand Catholic experience in America? These are once again in need of revision. Models like "Americanization" and "secularization" do not express everything that is going on.

An example: At Notre Dame, at 11 p.m. one evening recently, I attended as classic and powerful a Eucharist in a dormitory chapel as any in the hundred-year tradition of daily Mass at Notre Dame. The Eucharist was formal and contemplative, restrained and traditional in its rituals, yet informal and entirely contemporary, too. It was an almost perfect synthesis of ancient and present, medieval and American. My great-grandparents, elbowing into a little chapel in the mountains of Spis, would have recognized and been at home at this Eucharist.

Three types of Catholicism are worth distinguishing in America today. They thrive all around us.

First, the *sectarian* or perhaps the *cultural* Catholic. Here Catholicism is traditional, atmospheric, set apart. We used to speak of the "ghetto Catholic," the "conservative Catholic." We meant a natural, inherited set of symbols, rituals and, if not exactly beliefs, then at least gestures of believing, even affective and internal gestures: attempts to "feel" what minds could not wholly understand. So far as there was a theology in sectarian Catholicism, it was non-historical and its model of orthodoxy was a kind of conceptual repetition: well-worn definition and long-practiced apologetical "moves"—like a professional basketball player under the basket, with a limited, classic, almost scientific vocabulary of feints and pivots.

There was something incarnate, beautiful, powerfully humanistic about the sectarian Catholic's sense of wholeness and embodiment. Eyes, ears, tips of fingers, and tongue were given festivals of stimulation. Communities participated, each segment of them in formally defined ways. The sense of mystery—of God dying bloodily and Easter's sun—had not been lost.

The Achilles' heel of cultural Catholicism was its unpreparedness for the question-asking impulse, unleashed by new cultural experiences, social forms and competing symbols.

Thus was born the *open* Catholic. The dynamic behind open Catholicism was the drive to raise questions, questions directed against the Catholic community and questions directed to "the modern world." If the church could be incarnated in the full life of the twelfth or the sixteenth century, then why not in the full life of the twentieth? Impossible to believe that the church could adapt to the Borgias and not to Eisenhower.

The *open* Catholic, nonetheless, tended to be uncertain about criteria. In the desire to be *both* American *and* Catholic, the open Catholic had no foolproof way of deciding when and in what proportion to be which. Experiments were required. The tendency to adopt some quite "American" (which in this context is to say "Protestant") and some quite "secular liberal" points of view was inevitable; just as, once upon a time, learning a trick or two from French Kings or Italian Counts had been. Both Americanization and secularization had to be braved.

In particular, the open Catholic soon found himself—not, as his Protestant friends seemed to believe, "maturing" (becoming like unto *them*)—but gaining far too little. Thin suburban rationalism, extreme individualism, high-pitched political moralism, a cloying search for artificial community—these do not seem to represent maturity, or progress, or more advanced humanity. It seemed—as the experiment was prolonged—a non-compelling and disease-ridden trip. *Satyagraha* said: "Push on."

Hence, the development of a third Catholic type, the *pluralist* Catholic. Irving Levine has pointed out that in other countries, as in the United States, the great expansion of intercultural consciousness since World War II is producing a new ideal: the "pluralist personality." The two characteristics of this personality are an acceptance of one's own incarnation —one's own biology, one's own cultural history—and an intense desire to sympathize with and to respond to others who are different. The pluralist type involves a sharp sense of finitude and concretion, a fidelity and loyalty born not of ignorance but of humility: "I am myself, no other; I value in you your difference." The pluralist personality sees in others, not *common* principles or some *universal* Reason, but an *analogous* human story: not the *same* story for all, but comparable stories, within which figure classic and virtually universal obstacles: ignorance, immaturity, disease, conflict, death.

The *open* Catholic spent much energy exploring outwards and inwards. Benefiting by these explorations, the *pluralist* Catholic sees more clearly the distinctiveness of his inherited sensibility, his symbols, his story. He is a Catholic, not a Buddhist. Not for him the flight of the bumblebee, sucking honey from Xanadu and Delhi and Stockholm and Cambridge, cluttering his home with the objects of that restless American tourism of the spirit, rushing his children off to seders and peace demonstrations and baptismal immersions in pools of sensitivity, that rootless Nixonism of plastic personality, pretending to be open to everything and thereby clutching nothing: that violent seduction

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POST-CONCILIAR CATHOLICISM: IRELAND

MAJORITY CHURCH, MINORITY PSYCHOLOGY

JOHN HORGAN

All that is lacking at the moment to turn liabilities into assets is trust

Visitors to Ireland in the years since the Council began often look with mixed emotions on the type of Catholicism offered for their inspection, and wonder at the level of its steadfastness. For the critic, or any follower of Paul Blanshard, it is yet another sign of the peasant mentality, to be rooted out at all costs. For the admirer—Cardinal Daniélou, for example—it is living proof of the thesis that there can be such a thing as a Catholic people. In a sense, Daniélou is closer to the mark than Blanshard: and yet the story does not end there.

Catholicism has to all intents and purposes become an integral part of a certain type of Irish character. If we can ignore, for the moment, the fact that a quarter of the population of the island as a whole is not Catholic, we can see that the past century or so has seen the inexorable emergence of a type of national consciousness with distinctly denominational overtones. There have always been exceptions to this, and indeed modern Irish nationalism owes its existence to the actions of separatist Protestant Ulstermen in the eighteenth century. But what was started by Tone and his friends and called Republicanism was a very different creation from the reality which is so described today.

Two of the principal factors in this process can easily be identified. The first was the gradual loss of the Irish language. When, in the 19th century, Irish ceased to be a vernacular for a majority of Irishmen, and increasing economic interdependence with Britain gave English a commercial ascendancy it has not lost to this day, an important non-sectarian symbol of national unity disappeared. Not that it had ever been consciously adopted by Irish Protestants as such—but it had not become a symbol of contention. Its disappearance left a vacuum.

The second main factor was that this vacuum was filled almost inevitably by Catholicism. Catholicism, in effect, became part of the vocabulary of Irish nationalism, an identity symbol for the race. The political genius of Daniel O'Connell in securing Catholic emancipation by popular, non-violent agitation from an unwilling British (and Protestant) government helped to forge a link between Catholicism and nationalism that is still a strong one. O'Connell was aware of this danger: as he said, he took his religion from Rome, but not his politics. His successors, however, frequently showed a tendency to take both—not necessarily from Rome, but certainly from the hierarchy, who in many important respects became, and have remained, as much political as ecclesiastical leaders. Cardinal Conway's widely accepted parapolitical role in the current Northern Ireland crisis provides us with many concrete examples of this.

This nationalistic emphasis is one of the strongest historical strains in Irish Catholicism, and, while it is obviously simplistic to say that nationalism is a dying creed, in Ireland today it is certainly undergoing transformations, and is being continually eroded by the facts of 20th-century living.

Irish Catholic nationalism has always been conservative. O'Connell and the bishops, their well-drilled flocks behind them, bargained with the British government of the 19th century for a comfortable co-existence rather than for complete separation, and spoke out more or less consistently against more radical movements. The minority nature of these movements, and the lack of popular education, helped to consolidate their politico-religious

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leadership, and the resultant synthesis of religion and national identity.

Minority Religion

Another important thing to remember is that Irish Catholicism was, for over a century, a minority religion. After 1800 and even after Catholic emancipation, in effect, it was the religion of a minority of inhabitants in the political unit formed by the union of Great Britain and Ireland. In this political unit there was an established religion—Anglicanism—and the experience of living under such a system gave Irish Catholics a fairly healthy appreciation of the values of a separation between Church and State.

It goes without saying, of course, that there were also many negative aspects to this minority consciousness: allied to the type of denominational nationalism already described, it reinforced conservative tendencies and a defensive, ghetto-type outlook. The Catholic Church in Ireland today may therefore be described as a majority Church with a minority psychology, bred by historical circumstances and still surprisingly impervious to modern sociological forces.

There are, however, important differences developing between the Church in Northern Ireland and the Church in the Republic, for all that the Church is organized on an all-island basis. Whereas in the South it is possible to see what may be the beginnings of disaffection, or at least of disinterest, as the Church loses its minority psychology and ghetto attitudes, the cohesiveness of Northern Catholicism is still an established fact. The reason for this is not far to seek. The minority position of Catholics in the Northern Ireland statelet is still a socio-political reality and has been a powerful binding force. The events since the emergence of the civil rights movement in the late 1960s have, if anything, increased this sense of homogeneity: this has been also affected by the character of the Northern episcopate, which is probably the most conservative of that in any part of the country (in sharp contrast with the attitude of many younger Northern priests).

The results of this may be seen in other fields as well: whereas in the Republic, and despite the Red smears, the Labor Party has been slowly increasing its share of the national vote in general elections, the non-sectarian Northern Ireland Labor Party has been all but wiped out by increasing polarization between Catholics and Protestants over civil rights and allied issues. There is a small and vocal group of Catholic socialists in the North, but their influence, always small, has been diminished by the intensity of feeling on both sides. Bernadette Devlin preaches, and believes with passionate sincerity, in the unity of the Catholic and Protestant working classes against the hegemony of both the Orange and the Green professional patriots: but it is difficult—however much one may agree with her—to see her election victories as very much more than sectarian in character. Bernadette is not sectarian: she probably has more in common with the Rev. Ian Paisley than she has with some of her Catholic constituents. But she has become, willy-nilly, a symbol attached almost exclusively to one side in the sectarian conflict which continually threatens to engulf the North.

The statistical picture of Irish Catholicism has remained much unchanged in many respects since the Council. Catholics still account for about 75 percent of the population as a whole (approximately 96 percent in the Republic) and, although some surveys have shown a low rate of religious practice in the 18-22 age group, practice levels generally, including this group, are high by any standards. A 1969 survey of university students, for example—most of whom would have had middle-class or professional backgrounds—showed that 79 percent were meeting all the disciplinary obligations of the Church, and only 10 per cent were not meeting any of the minimum disciplinary obligations. Women students were more conscientious than men—in this, at least, Ireland conforms to a worldwide pattern. It has often been

suggested, and conversations with individual social workers and priests tend to bear it out, that the level of practice shows a sharp decline in urban working-class areas, but there is no available statistical evidence of this.

A major survey on the clergy and vocations, carried out in 1971 and in many respects the first of its kind, noted that the years 1967-1968 saw the leveling off of a steady growth in vocations which had existed for over 150 years. The three years since 1968 have seen a slight decline, although the numbers involved are still high: at the time of writing, it is statistically true to say that one out of every hundred Catholic priests alive in the world today was ordained in the country's national seminary at Maynooth. Interpretations of the statistics differ: some commentators, for example, point to the decline as the beginning of the end, while others argue that what is more inexplicable is the abnormally high initial rate of vocations. Within the country as a whole, there is a priest, brother or nun for every 178 people: almost 8,000 of the total of 33,000 religious personnel are working abroad. The population per priest, assuming a Catholic

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population of 3,400,000 for the whole island and a total of 6,204 priests, is 548:1. Almost half the total number of secular clergy, however, are over fifty, and the lack (until quite recently) of adequate retirement arrangements has been partly responsible for this.

Bishops tend to be younger. Indeed, bishops tend to be recruited from the ranks of those priests engaged in the educational rather than the pastoral ministry, with the anomalous result that although the average age of appointment for pastors is 56, that for bishops is 49. Almost half the present Irish hierarchy, in fact, would be ineligible, on grounds of their youth, for appointment as pastors!

Behind the facts, of course, lie attitudes, and these are more difficult to ascertain. The survey of university students already mentioned discovered that only a quarter of them identified matters pertaining to faith or doctrine as being among the most important demands of the Church. There was much more stress on obedience to moral or disciplinary rules. In another survey, Irish sisters were compared with English College students—which was perhaps hardly fair—and scored higher than they on the dogmatism and authoritarian scales. On the other hand, when a group of religious novices were compared with their lay counterparts in Ireland, they came out as less neurotic, less introverted and more self-confident. The moral of this may well be that the fewer vocations are of a higher quality. The number of people who leave the ministry is low, amounting to no more than a few dozen. Although more religious than secular priests decide to opt out, it cannot yet be said to have achieved the status of a major problem in either category, or in the religious life generally.

The Balance on Change

The most convenient base-line for any analysis of post-Conciliar Irish Catholicism can be found in the sermons given by the late Archbishop of Dublin, John Charles McQuaid, to a congregation in his pro-Cathedral towards the end of 1965. "There will be no change," he told them, "to disturb the tranquillity of your Christian lives." Though phrased as an assurance, the Archbishop's comment could equally be interpreted as a prophecy, and like all prophecies it has attracted its defenders as well as its critics. Whether he can be proved right or wrong, is, however, no longer as relevant as it might have been seven years ago, when the homogeneity of Irish Catholicism was an established and apparently unassailable fact. Today, ten years after the Council began, all sorts of variables have been introduced into what previously was an astonishingly stable—many would say stagnant—situation.

The context in which the Archbishop's 1965 statement was made is itself worthy of note. The Council had been in existence for four years and four sessions: and yet, for the most part, Irish Catholics were as unaware of its existence and implications as they had been before it began. In Rome itself, the coach which collected the Irish bishops and their handful of advisers from the Irish College each morning, stopping at the Blue Nuns' hospital to collect the more aged or infirm members of the hierarchy, was an apt symbol of the self-contained world in which many of them lived. If their dioceses at home were informed about the Council at all, it was in careful and minimalist language. The first trickle of liturgical change was introduced almost with fear and trembling, and an unspoken sense of apology for the violence that was being done to traditional (i.e., Victorian, mid-19th century) Irish devotional practice. For the rest, the Council was silently dismissed as being irrelevant to Irish conditions. The Irish, after all, had the Faith. Nothing that was happening in Rome could materially alter that fact, or materially improve such a state of affairs.

The Irish media, on the whole, meekly accepted this assessment. Irish radio and television audiences, it is true, heard reports on all the sessions, but these were few and far between. Finally, in the last session, two of the three Dublin national dailies sent full-time correspondents to Rome, and the radio and television coverage was stepped up. Belatedly somebody had got the idea that something important was going on.

The message that arrived in 1965, however, was basically a 1963 vintage. Apart from the liturgical changes, the Council was envisaged chiefly as an instrument of reunion, and Irish Catholics suddenly woke up to the fact that there were other Irishmen who were actually Protestants. "Ecumenical" meetings took place all over the country, often with no more than a grudging toleration from the parish clergy (the religious orders proved much more liberal). This was matched, at a higher level, by the emergence of serious theological discussions between Catholic and Protestant scholars—with the grudging toleration, this time, of the hierarchy. There were, of course, setbacks and scandals, but the overall picture was one of genuine, if cautious, progress.

Irish society itself, of course, has changed vastly in the past ten years, and these changes in turn have affected the nature and prospects of Irish Catholicism. The most important factor of all has been urbanization and the flight from the land. Dublin, for example, now contains some 30 percent of the entire population of the Republic, and the other Irish cities have grown correspondingly. The traditional flight from the land has been accelerated by the pressures of industrialization and the magnetism of the rising standard of living in the cities. As this has happened, the old and stable family patterns have been changing: instead of dealing with a stable even stagnant situation in a largely rural environment, the Church's pastoral policy is now forced to take account more and more of a rural population that

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is seriously unbalanced from the demographic point of view (in many areas the rural population is not even replacing itself), and of an urban population divided between the acquisitive, status-conscious, middle-class housing complexes and the inner-city ghettos.

As social problems are amplified by inadequate planning, and as the growing disparity in income levels between rich and poor lays ever more solid foundations for the class structure, the Church is increasingly being asked to take sides in a series of bitter struggles. Since 1968, the North and its problems have added, or perhaps restored, a dimension of conflict and the now ever-present possibility of sectarian warfare. It is important not to exaggerate these changes—there are still parts of Ireland where very little has changed since the early 1960s—but it would be worse to ignore them. The possibility of anybody in Ireland ignoring them has itself been lessened by the advent and spread of television: Contemporaneous with the Council (the Irish national network was established in 1962), this medium has introduced people to new ideas, to new life-styles and to new possibilities (not all of them attractive, by any means). It has at the very least underwritten emerging trends in Irish society. This is not, on the other hand, to say that a revolution is imminent in Irish Catholic life. The already noted demographic imbalance in the rural areas, coupled with the fact that the sprawling new urban growths have not yet had time to acquire a distinctive personality of their own, and still-high emigration levels, all combine to reinforce the static and authoritarian aspects of Irish society. The social pressures for conformity, not least in religious matters, are therefore still high. There is a matter-of-factness about Irish Catholicism that can sometimes be mistaken for faith.

It is, interestingly, probably true to say that provincialism, insularity and conservatism are at least as typical of lay Irish Catholics as they are of the clerical variety. There are, of course, outstanding exceptions to this rule of thumb. In early 1972, for example, Bishop Lucey of Cork, one of the oldest and most doughty conservatives in the Irish hierarchy, expressed his thinly-veiled opposition to the prospect of entry into the European Economic Community by warning his diocese that E.E.C. entry would bring foreigners flocking to our shores to "get away from it all." Few of them, he added darkly, were likely to be practicing Catholics. For the most part, however, the Irish hierarchy and clergy in general keep their own counsel on social and political matters, or speak in moderately progressive tones about the need for social justice. Bishop Harty of Killaloe, for example, has got into trouble for suggesting that Irish public life was neither incorrupt nor incorruptible: and Bishop Birch of Ossory has consistently won national headlines for his sponsorship of the contentious itinerant issue.

Conversely, while some bishops are preaching reform, it is often the lay politicians who are warning against the dangers of revolutions, launching Red scares, as in the 1969 general election campaign, and forcing the adherents of socialism into embattled, defensive positions at a time when socialists elsewhere in Europe are being reproached for their conservatism. A classic example of this new, not to say unique state of affairs, was when a Dominican priest turned his nightly five-minute television program into a lively series of discussions on housing problems, involving Communists as well as politicians. The furore created by this escapade took months to die down.

It would be truer still to say that it is now impossible to discern any real "party line" by the Irish Church, either in terms of social issues or in terms of Church-State relationships. It depends on the churchman chosen (lay or clerical) and the issue under discussion. If there is any area in which there is conspicuous agreement among all parties it is probably in that area of social morality involving alcohol: but it is an area in which not even unanimous agreement seems to be capable of bringing about positive results.

The problem is a complex one. On the one hand, it is natural, proper and Christian that Church leaders

who feel strongly on social issues should speak out about them—all the more so if their views go against the prevailing consensus. On the other hand, the clericalist tradition is so strong in Ireland in many areas that the emergence of a charismatic cleric who would launch the Irish social revolution is a prospect that must be viewed with mixed feelings. Exchanging a conservative clerical oligarchy for a progressive clerical oligarchy is at best a partial answer to the problem of deepening the social and political consciousness of the People of God as a whole. This consciousness has, as has been noted, remained steadfastly conservative. The problem facing clerical leadership is a much more complex one than many clerics realize. If they lead a progressive cavalry charge on the social issues, they will be accused of attempting to take over the democratic structures of society. If they remain silent, they will be accused of indifference. These problems, in a country which is overwhelmingly Catholic, do not admit of any easy solution.

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One area where tension between Church and State is real and constant is, as has been mentioned, that of education. Here it is the Church, both lay and clerical, which appears as the conservative force, and the government, although unsure of itself and, on occasion, insufferably didactic in its methods, which appears more progressive. The basic issue is the rationalization of the country's post-primary (i.e., 12-18) educational system, which historically has evolved into a large, Church-owned and State-subsidized sector and a much smaller, democratically-owned, controlled and financed sector. Both sectors have spawned large numbers of small schools (until comparatively recently a majority of them had an enrollment of less than 200), competing with each other for pupils and often duplicating expensive facilities.

The government has proposed a "community school" plan, under which these schools would all be amalgamated under a new management system: the bishops have agreed in principle, if reluctantly, but at the local level there is fierce opposition to the government's proposals, and parents—long ignored by the ecclesiastical authorities—are being pressed into service by the teaching orders in order to mount an effective defense of the status quo. There is more than a hint of class consciousness in all of this: the Church-controlled schools have traditionally been selective in their entrance policy, and highly academic in the courses they offer: the state schools have tended to get only the hewers of wood and drawers of water. At this level, the Church's defense of the status quo, although ostensibly aimed at preserving "Catholic schools" is frequently a defense of position and privilege in society.

Ecumenism, despite the heady enthusiasm of the immediately post-Conciliar period, has flourished only intermittently. Even before the Council, tradition had often been much more rigid than canon law, in the matter of simple things like attendance at Protestant weddings and funerals. (Institutional memories of the fairly vigorous Protestant proselytism which went on in the 19th century may well have been partly responsible for this.) After the Council, each new concession, however marginal, was inordinately welcomed, giving rise to episcopal fears of indifferentism!

Here too there have been important social and political ramifications. In the North, there has been since 1922 a vivid apprehension among the Protestant population that in time the Catholic minority would outbreed them, wrest political control of the area from them, and vote them into the Irish Republic. This fear has not encouraged ecumenical contacts, which in the circumstances have tended to take on the aspect of those legendary Christmas parties between British and German troops in the trenches during World War I.

In the South, the erosion of the Protestant minority, partly by emigration but also through mixed marriages, has produced its own forms of retrenchment. For Southern Protestants, the Ne Temere decree has traditionally been seen as the greatest single disadvantage of their condition. For many years the Irish bishops could point to the fact that it was a Roman decree and could not be varied at the local level as justification for their stand. More recently, however, the emphasis has been shifted to the national hierarchies: and here Irish Protestants have genuine cause for complaint, as the Irish hierarchy's interpretation of the latest Roman document is markedly less liberal than that in many other countries.

There is a certain amount of institutional cooperation between the various churches, but only on non-theological matters and firmly outside the context of the Irish Council of Churches. In this, as in many other matters, the clergy exercise a caution remarkable in a country whose religious composition is so overwhelmingly monochrome. An ecumenical institute has been started by a Jesuit in Dublin: but it exists from hand to mouth. Perhaps this is inevitable in a country where many Catholics have never even seen a Protestant, much less talked to one.

On the left there has been the Slant (Christian Marxist) group, now extinct. A branch of IDOC was founded, flickered briefly, and died. More recently, there has been the formation of the national but unofficial Association of Irish Priests, whose numbers are as yet small but which is acting as a useful ginger group to the rather more sedate senates of priests in different dioceses. On the other side, there was the early formation of the Lausanne Group, dedicated mostly to attacking the IDOC group and to suggesting that the media were biased against Catholic orthodoxy. Another group, the Nazareth group, has found its greatest energy in the fight against the legalization of the sale of contraceptives. Apart from occasional, unauthorized house liturgies, there is probably no underground church in the accepted sense of the word: in this respect, as in many others, the overall picture of Irish Catholicism is still one of a coherent, vertical integration. The underlying conservatism of many "with-it" clerics, moreover, has to be taken into account. In a society in which, in certain circumstances, the shedding of a clerical collar can cause comment or even give offense, a little progressivism goes a long way.

It is this vertical integration, still subsisting in the Irish church, which may prove its greatest strength, just as it can also be a sign of weakness and of the triumph of authoritarianism. The scale of things is still so small that an underground church would be speedily detected: but on the other hand the very same smallness of scale should make an underground, semi-schismatic church unnecessary. Perhaps it is not unfair to say that all that is lacking at the moment to turn the liabilities of the Irish Church into assets is trust. For all its occasional progressive noises, the clergy as a whole is still committed to the idea that if the laity can-

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not any longer be led by the nose, they should at least be led by the hand, into that promised land of milk and honey, where everything will be—horror of horrors—properly organized. The careful paternalistic conservatism of pre-Conciliar days has, in all too many cases, been supplanted by nothing more exciting than an equally careful and equally paternalistic attempt to produce a Church whose prophets will be the bureaucratic managers and the sociologists. The Gospel can escape one as easily as the other.

The sociological changes already noted, and the political and economic changes consequent on Irish entry into the E.E.C., may well have the final say in determining the character of the Irish Catholicism of the future. The inevitable waning of Irish nationalism, assuming some sort of solution, however botched, to the Northern problem, will also be a powerfully contributory factor. If it is true, as I have suggested, that nationalism and Catholicism have been Siamese twins in the Irish situation, it follows that the weakening of one of the partners leaves the other with the choice between a surgical operation—and consequently an entirely different type of future life—and a slow and unpleasant death. It is to be hoped that Irish Catholics will choose surgery and life rather than to remain yoked to a moribund and unattractive partner to the grave. The tradition is ambiguous and does not offer much guidance; only those alive today can decide the future.

THE SCHOOL-BUS ISSUE: SPUTTERING STILL

PETER J. RIGA

Fundamentally, the issue relates to what this society thinks it will be

It is difficult at this moment to assess the position, both in law as well as in the public mind, of the busing question. President Nixon, for example, has called for a possible constitutional amendment against forced busing for achieving racial balance, at least if the legislation he has called for is not passed by the Congress. This legislation in turn, considered seriously by the House and by the Senate in 1972, would forbid all court-ordered busing below the sixth grade until all juridical avenues have been exhausted. This just about forbids all busing—in practice—and the legislation even goes as far as allowing previously implemented desegregation plans to be re-opened and rolled back to conform to the new legislation. This legislation has a good chance of passing both Houses in 1973.

This is a highly dangerous piece of legislation from several points of view. The first is from the point of view of public education in the cause of integration which in many places has gone along smoothly and without disruption. The present legislation will create new wounds, open the strife of the past and compromise the good will and efforts of school boards and administrators who have, courageously sometimes, made every effort to conform to the law and to the order of the courts. Their credibility, in other words, will be lost or sharply attenuated.

The second danger is the direct challenge of the division of powers in the government itself: the right of juridical review of all acts of Congress going back to John Marshall. This second danger is perhaps the most pernicious of all because the present legislation on busing actually seeks to stem the power of not only the federal judiciary but that of the Supreme Court itself. Why is this so?

The history of the present busing struggle is long and complex. It stems from a multiplicity of causes, political, societal, moral and as consequent of this, educational and juridical. Busing *per se* goes on all over the country and has done so for the last 100 years. There would be no public education today were it not for massive forms of busing. So the question here is not busing, but the *reason* for busing, whether we call it integration, desegregation, or racial balance. Busing is simply—today—a code word for these latter names. Therefore, busing is a much more broad term than educational terminology. Fundamentally, it relates to what this society thinks it will be.

According to the U.S. Civil Rights Committee, some 42 percent of all primary and secondary school children are already being bussed to school. So the question is not over busing, but what is at the end of the busing question: racial integration. There is hardly a school district, for instance, in Northern California that doesn't have a busing system for 50 percent of its pupils. So the question to be asked is not over busing but something much deeper. As Bishop Carroll Dozier put it in his 1972 Christmas pastoral to the Catholics of Memphis, Tennessee: "The symbol of a better education in the U.S. is the yellow school bus." And later still: "We might

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as well see busing as partial repayment for the damage that has been done [to Blacks]. That is what we mean by reconciliation."

That is what one commission and one moral leader have to say about the question. But what have the courts said about this issue and where do they presently stand?

As all know, the courts have been forced to enter the issue indirectly in the *Brown* decision. Certainly, all dual systems of education for the purpose of maintaining by law separation of the races (segregation) were found unconstitutional by the Court. But this was not all. *Brown* also claimed that separate education was unequal education, and the two aspects of *Brown* (segregation and inherently unequal education) became interlocked.

Given the facts of American society, there were dual school systems (and, therefore, separate education) not because they were legally enforced but because that is the way Americans resided *de facto*. Even when all legally enforced dual school systems were totally eliminated, 85 percent of school systems remained segregated *de facto*. If the courts had acquiesced in this situation, the *Brown* decision would have meant nothing at all and indeed, given the court's view of inherently unusual segregated education, *Brown* would have been in fact reversed. This has been the terrible situation before the federal judiciary since 1954 when it became more and more evident that the legislative and executive processes could not or would not act more decisively on this fundamental issue.

Thus the paradox and difficulty of the present situation as the federal judiciary attempted to bridge this gap that has existed since 1954. Enforced racial balance appeared to be the only way to insure that *Brown* would become more than an empty word for millions of Americans. And since American society as well as its politicians were unwilling to take more leadership in this difficult area (i.e., residential integration or desegregation), the courts were forced to enter both the area of educational as well as residential segregation. The *de facto* segregation so prevalent in the West, Midwest and Northeast had to be considered unconstitutional, no matter how good the intent of those who originally constituted this vast area. The reason was simple: segregated education, whether willed or not, is harmful to all children and is therefore not constitutionally allowable.

The Evidence

The anti-busing legislation urged by Nixon and considered by the Congress in 1972, flies in the face of all the empirical evidence we have about the fact that integrated education (gotten through "forced" busing) has not harmed whites in superior schools (educationally) but in fact helps minorities (for a number of reasons, often discussed). Moreover, what the evidence shows is that such educational integration must take place at a very early stage (i.e., grammar school level). To postpone it, say to high school, as suggested by the present legislation, is not only not to get at the root of the problem but rather to exacerbate it.

As late as January, 1973, a special subcommittee of the Senate found ample evidence that extreme racial and economic segregation of schools in the U.S. is mutilating the spirit of millions of poor and minority children. The report was amply and convincingly documented with 440 pages of studies, reports, witnesses, charts, psychological impact studies—almost an exact repeat of the 1954 *Brown* decision. The report stated simply that "the fact is that education in this country is still for the most part segregated by race, economic and social class." To overcome this, the committee recommended that integration should begin in the earliest school years, rather than waiting until prejudices have formed and hardened by high school years. Moreover, they claimed, President Nixon's proposed equal educational opportunities act would thwart this by prohibiting use of busing to desegregate elementary schools. The committee also urged that the development of low- and moderate-income housing outside of impoverished areas and inner cities must be encouraged. Economic and racial segregation are almost the same thing.

Mr. Nixon—and, it would seem, the majority of legislators in Congress and the American people—strongly disagree. When segregation is unwilled *(de facto)* then government—including the courts—has no business shifting people around, particularly children, to achieve an artificial racial balance and society. The courts, then, have been the only recourse open to millions of aggrieved Americans but the present legislation before Congress and the threatened Constitutional amendment directly endanger all of the progress made since *Brown*.

Since 1970, moreover, the Supreme Court has been busy setting up the ways and means of implementing the *Brown* decision—a Court, incidentally, made up more and more of the appointees of President Nixon himself (4-5). The Court inevitably had to go beyond simple desegregation as legally enforced, to integration, a positive move in the direction of striking down the false distinction between *de jure* and *de facto* segregation. The beginning of the demise of this distinction was inherent in the *Brown* decision itself where it held that segregated education is unconstitutional because of its deleterious effects on school children themselves. But what was implicit had to become explicit and this process has been continuing ever since 1954. What has been clearly seen by the courts is that any legally enforced dual educational system cannot be said to have been eliminated until the greatest amount of positive integration has in fact taken place. With one stroke, the stage is set for going far beyond simply legally enforced segregation to the positive concept of integration.

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1971 was a turning point in this respect. In April of that year, the Court decided in the *Swann* case to narrow substantially the limits under which *de facto* educational segregation would be allowed. But the extent to which this is allowable is not as yet clear and we shall know more precisely, perhaps, when the Court decides the *Colorado* case presently before the Court. Moreover, another unanswered question of *Swann* is whether school boundaries are subject to alteration by federal courts as was done in the Richmond, Virginia and Detroit, Michigan cases. This too will become clearer when these cases are decided sometime in the term 1972-1973.

In June, 1972, the Court went further still in its *Emporia* and *Scotland Neck, N. C.* cases. These cases decided that the federal judiciary may forbid new school boundaries when the creation of the new school district would adversely affect the process of desegregation. This decision was important because the majority held that it was the *effect* of the school board's decision in changing boundaries that was important and *not* their intent. This decision is extremely important, if maintained, because for all practical purposes, the decision and reasoning of the Court destroys the traditional distinction between *de facto* and *de jure* segregation. Yet the question whether a federal court itself may take on the responsibility of rearranging school boundaries to achieve racial integration (Richmond and Detroit) remains moot.

What *Swann* did decide was not that a mandatory racial balance (Chief Justice Burger himself denied this) is required by the Constitution, since busing can always be limited by reasonable feasibility, educational adversity and the health and safety of school children. What *Swann* did impose on school boards and district judges alike was positive in nature, i:e:. an order to proceed toward integration where "they must make every effort to achieve the greatest possible degree of actual desegregation." A school population cannot achieve this until there is some reasonable progress in actual integration of black-white school children. Thus on Feb. 21, 1973 the court let stand the first step of a plan for desegregation in Memphis, Tenn. that involves busing of about 14,000 of the city's 146,000 pupils. This decision is a simple marking time for a more momentous decision by the Court.

This is where the situation is presently. The cases already decided require some busing and in order to achieve what the Court decreed in *Swamm* and *Emporia*, much more busing yet will be required since residential integration is as yet a long way off. The greatest result in the cases from 1970 onward remains, however, the weakening of the traditional *de facto* and *de jure* distinction both in education and, logically from this as well, in residential patterns. The distinction will most certainly succumb in the not too distant future. There seems to be no question as to the direction of the Supreme Court of the United States. Yet the future in the area of the Court's intent is still very much in doubt. On January 15, 1973, the Court agreed to rule on the consolidation of mostly black urban schools with adjoining white suburban school systems, i.e., the appealed Merhige decision. Judge Merhige ruled as follows: he ordered the Richmond School District, which is 70 percent black, merged with those of two surrounding counties (suburban), each of whose schools are 91 percent white. The result would be to form one metropolitan school district which will be about 66 percent white and 33 percent black, with each of its schools being radically balanced at the overall ratio in the metropolitan area.

What is all-important and ingenious about this decision is that it overrides once and for all the distinction between *de jure* and *de facto* segregation. This legal subterfuge (aided and abetted by zoning ordinances effectively excluding the poor and the minorities) has in fact given us the present dual system of education and has permitted whites to flee the cities to the suburbs, thereby perpetuating and intensifying racial segregation. The Merhige decision is a direct attack on *de facto* school segregation presently obtaining in many Northern cities and their contiguous suburbs. Merhige was overturned by U.S. Appeals Court, 5 to 1 in June of 1972.

Similar lawsuits are pending in Atlanta, Boston, Detroit, Hartford, Indianapolis, Louisville and Lexington, Ky. In 1971, the Court unanimously upheld massive busing, but the ruling concerned a city, Charlotte, N. C., and surrounding suburbs that were all part of one school district *(Swann)*. The Court has never ruled on the precise question of whether judges may have children bussed across school district lines and merge school districts in order to accomplish desegregation where there is denial of a constitutionally guaranteed right: the equal education of all the students of the state. Now the question of segregated education as inherently unequal was solved as long ago as *Brown* (1954). May the courts order the merger of the creatures of the state, that is, the artificial and practical creation of the state, the school district? That is now the final question before the Court, the last legal hurdle toward truly effective school desegregation and positive integration. Upon that decision, to be given probably sometime in 1973, will the whole future of the complexion of this country, as well as its destiny, reside. It will be one of the memorable decisions of the 20th century.

Whether President Nixon and the Congress (as well as the majority of the U.S. population) will ultimately scuttle this direction by constitutional amendment, remains to be seen. If they do, there also can be no question that this society will be tragically and ir-

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reversibly divided and separated "into two distinct societies, one rich and one poor, one white and one black." And that will be the beginning of the demise of America as a free and open society. After that, what meaning will democracy have in the United States of America?

SURVIVAL LAUGHTER

THE STAGE

It is one of the platitudes of dramatic criticism that popular comedy reflects the attitudes, the defensive gestures of its audience. If so, the Broadway theater-goers are undergoing a change. I do not mean that there has been a marked shift in the makeup of the audience, a change in age or economic status. It is apparently a smaller audience, judging by the number of shows that opened this year, but it seems to be made up of members of the affluent, largely suburban middle class that has supported Broadway theater, at least since World War II. The laughter, however, and the situations that evoke it lack both the gaiety of traditional light comedy and the complacent, all's-right-with-*our*-world note that marked the 1950s. There is survival laughter in the Broadway theater these days.

This might not be immediately clear at *Finishing Touches* or *6 Rms Riv Vu*, for both these successful comedies have at least one foot in the 1950s. In fact, when the ads announced Barbara Bel Geddes in a new comedy by Jean Kerr, we all assumed that *Finishing Touches* would transport us back to a gentler decade. But where was Barry Nelson? All could not be well in a world in which Bel Geddes' perennial co-star was not at her side, was, in fact, limping his way toward New York in a revival of *Detective Story* that was going to collapse en route. Yet, when the curtain opened on a breakfast table, all clutter and amiable exasperation, it was recognizable Kerr country—*Please Don't Eat the Daisies* rather than *Mary, Mary*—and the shudderingly cute sayings were inevitably going to start dropping from the lips of the young (when a flash of lightning fills the stage, huggable Hughie proclaims, "I feel like God took my picture"). As the plot thickens, the past rushes in, for no academic couple in 1973, with a son at Harvard, is likely to be surprised or shocked to discover that their boy is living with a girl. That discovery (plus Professor Cooper's promotion worries and a general sense of enveloping middle age) leads to sexual complications in the Cooper household; the tempting possibility of infidelity for both Coopers, wryly rejected; and a curtain that sends the hero and heroine, arm in arm, up the stairway. I expected to hear an offstage William Inge singing "I Love You Truly." Except for a few sharp lines and Bel Geddes' ability to get laughs in the most unlikely places, *Touches*, as much problem play as comedy, is preachily urgent much of the time and the comedy of discontent comes across at a high whine.

If *Finishing Touches* suggests a 1950s purity play, Bob Randall borrows another sexual cliché of that decade for *6 Rms Riv Vu*; after a night of therapeutic sex in an empty apartment, his hero and heroine return to their spouses each with a new sense of self and a strengthened ability to go on in a dehumanizing world. When I saw the show in Philadelphia, I assumed that it was a loser for it seemed to have nothing going for it beyond the fact that Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander are personable performers. It may be that the stars are carrying these shows or that the audiences are really buying the old-fashioned upbeat overtones, but my suspicion is that they are identifying with characters who use jokes as a way of coping in a world which has become increasingly difficult to deal with; that it is the slapstick frustration, personal and professional, that makes *Finishing Touches* funny (to those who find it funny) and that the New York-is-awful gags and the look-I'm-pathetic bits are carrying *6 Rms*.

I turn for confirmation to Neil Simon, still the quickest hand on the public pulse. As far back as 1968, he told an interviewer (*New York Times*, February 25), "Comedy writing to me is a defense mechanism; I can't bear to see life as gloomy as it really is." Since then, he has allowed the gloom to come to the top. Perhaps this development in his work began with *The Gingerbread Lady*, which he first tried to write as a straight play and, when audiences rebelled, he redecorated with sardonic and maudlin jokes. His new play, *The Sunshine Boys*, and *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, which is well into its second year, are plainly gallows humor of a kind. The comic material of *Prisoner* consists mainly of the impossibility of living in New York in the face of pollution, crime and the countless small indignities of the environment, but Simon throws in unemployment and a nervous breakdown to keep his characters from getting too comfortable. *The Sunshine Boys* goes well beyond the social and uses its show-biz nostalgia situation to present the comedy of old age, loss of profession, physical disability, crippling illness and incipient death. As Phil Silvers used to say, *"Funny!"*

Yet the audiences, laughing heartily at both plays, are presumably taking comfort in Simon's comedies. I suspect that the sureness of Simon's touch lies in his sharing his defense mechanism with the audience and his refusal to offer solutions. He never did, of course. Even in his earlier lighter plays, he concentrated on character rather than plot and let his plays come to an end without coming to a conclusion. Now, he avoids even the suggestion of the Kerr-Randall upbeat finish, probably because it is uncongenial to him, but also chooses not to

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follow his pessimism to its logical conclusion, to let his situations collapse into the kind of violence with which Jules Feiffer ends *Little Murders*. The plays remain open-ended. The sunshine boys are going to the same retired actors' home where the needling conversation will go on, and the hero and heroine of *Prisoner* wait, snow shovel at the ready, to get a little of their own back. Keep the lines coming, keep the jokes coming; if there is no real curtain, it is not curtains yet.

If you want to see the new whistling-in-the-dark Broadway comedy at its best, I advise going to the first act of *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*. Although *The Sunshine Boys* has its share of funny lines, once the pattern of the gags is set—the clever senility turn—not even Sam Levene, Jack Albertson and the evocation of vaudeville can keep the play from running down. As for *Prisoner*, it unravels in the second act with the introduction of the hero's Jewish family and the overextension of the initial situation. There is a relentless neatness about the first act, however, and it is expertly played at the moment by Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie. Simon ought to package it as a one-act eschatological comedy.

GERALD WEALES

FRENCH CAN-CAN'T

THE SCREEN

A Man and a Woman (1966), the film that put French director Claude Lelouch on the world-wide distribution map, seemed to me the work of a hopeless anal retentive. It is a seamless, meticulously calculated romance, a movie in which artistry is unhampered by feeling. It achieves the sort of lifeless perfection that a piece of Steuben crystal has. In subsequent films, however, Lelouch has learned to relax a bit. He has so loosened his death grip on the plot that, in one or two films anyway, events occur whose complete significance is not immediately obvious. Moreover, he seems gradually to be turning his interests from poignancy to comedy. The result is that he has discovered a new artistic medium: people. When he made *A Man and a Woman*, Lelouch clearly considered acting to be a last resort as a means of expression. His Man and Woman are a couple of mannequins decorating the shop-window *mise en scène* of his film. He preferred directing photography and creating atmosphere to directing actors and creating characters. But in *Money, Money, Money* he seems to have gotten over all that. In fact *Money, Money, Money* might be thought of as the opposite of *A Man and a Woman* in some ways.

This is not to say that *Money, Money Money* is without antecedents in Lelouch's work. On the contrary, in both plot and structure it resembles closely an earlier, less successful Lelouch crime comedy, *The Crook* (1970). *The Crook* is about a gang that stages a fake kidnapping in order to split the ransom with the victim's father. *Money, Money, Money* is about another gang that kidnaps a rock star as a publicity stunt for which the star himself pays. But this gang doesn't stop here, for the members have banded together to specialize in kidnapping celebrities. Other victims include a diplomat, a Latin-American revolutionary and the Pope, whose ransom they set at one franc from each Catholic in the world. *Money, Money, Money* begins *in medias res* with the gang on trial for such crimes. Then the film goes into a long flashback, detailing their escapades, before arriving back at the trial again. Only after this circuitous exposition does it proceed to its climax in a straightforward, narrative manner. This is precisely the pattern that *The Crook* follows as well.

Even the cast of *Money, Money, Money* is in part a holdover from *The Crook*. Most of the gang's personnel—Jacques Brel, Lino Ventura, Aldo Maccione—are new to Lelouch's films. But the other two gang members, Charles Denner and Charles Girard, played accomplices in *The Crook* too. Since he has re-employed them, Lelouch must have realized how much their personalities accounted for whatever appeal there was in *The Crook*. Certainly he has realized that his actors are everything he has going for him in this new film. He never takes the camera off them.

At one point, for instance, the gang has ransomed the revolutionary to his comrades, his country's military and the C.I.A.—all at once. But while all three converge simultaneously on their prize, Lelouch cuts from the action to the gang's reaction as they watch from afar. The whole scene is played out merely in the looks on their faces. In *A Man and a Woman*, all that Lelouch had to say about his characters is communicated by the surroundings in which he placed them. That's why they seem such superficial people. But in *Money, Money, Money* characterization is everything. It isn't the situations Lelouch has concocted in his script or the locations he has chosen that make his film funny. It is the resources of his cast. That he sees this too is apparent from the way he plays the ransoming scene.

The film's best scenes are those in which Lelouch shoots the gang's antics head-on like this. Perhaps the most telling, though, is one where the gang tries to pick up some girls on the beach. They decide that all they need is the right strut, a gait of perfect suavity, in order to attract women, and each rehearses his particular version of this before they go after the women themselves. The scene that results here might remind us of another ridiculously over-rehearsed, posturing walk on the beach—the walk taken by the two lovers in

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A Man and a Woman. Indeed, this scene might almost have been intended to parody that one.

* * *

You know that Lelouch has improved when his best effort is actually better than a mediocre Truffaut film. *Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me* is a mediocre Truffaut film too. Like *Money, Money, Money,* this film is a crime comedy. It also begins at a point that is reachieved later after a series of flashbacks. And like Lelouch's film, Truffaut's depends completely on characterization to be funny. To put it more precisely, the film depends on one characterization, that of Camille Bliss (Bernadette Lafont). At the beginning of the film sociologist Stanislas Previn (André Dussollier) goes to interview Camille in prison for his book, *Criminal Women*; and in this and succeeding interviews she tells him her whole life story. As she recounts how she murdered her father, trapped her husband into marriage, committed adultery with a singer, exploited a poor, pious exterminator, etc., etc., Stanislas slowly falls in love with her.

Like the title, in which Camille describes herself in flattering terms, the entire film gives us Camille's life from Camille's point of view. Since each episode begins with another interview by Stanislas, we must see Camille's story as her own words translated visually. But this is the weakness of the film, for Camille's charm, such at it is, is that she doesn't see what's laughable about herself or her life. As a result Truffaut doesn't have any way to show us what's laughable either, at least not without abandoning the whole narrative premise of his film.

Camille lives in a world that functions by misconstrual and injustice. Her husband becomes enraged with jealousy on those rare occasions when her relationships with other men are innocent. Her plot to do in her mother-in-law for the inheritance succeeds only after Camille has become a pop star who no longer needs the money. Even her arrest for murder occurs the one time that she has neither contemplated nor committed the crime. Such a screwball world ought to be comical, and I assume it is intended to be. Yet much of this insanity lies dormant and unexploited in the film. Because Camille is the product of this world, she supposes it is natural for the world to be this way. It never occurs to her that it could be any other way. But since we are also limited to her point of view, we remain as oblivious of the craziness of her life as she is. Like her, we miss out on a lot of the fun.

On two occasions Truffaut wrests the camera away from her, so to speak, and provides us with some real amusement. These are in the two murders that frame Camille's story, her father's and her husband's, both of which have too much camera style to be compatible with Camille's own, artless view of her life. It is the camera work that makes these the only two funny scenes. Elsewhere, however, Truffaut seems to have remained enthralled by Camille. He seems to have been as completely in her power as Stanislas was, though I can't imagine what either of them saw in her.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

Paranoia of the most grandiose proportions

Gravity's Rainbow

THOMAS PYNCHON

Viking, $15

AL LEVINE

Gravity's Rainbow opens with a long scream, but whether the scream is human or not is perhaps impossible to answer. Is it the sound of an A-4, a German rocket tearing holes in the atmosphere as it descends on World War II London? There's a man inside the rocket, the last V-bomb of the war, the Schwartzgerat, designed by an elite German death consortium led by Captain Blicero-Weissman. What is the rider doing in there, secured by a special plastic shroud made of the mysterious Imipolex-G whose carbon chains are erectable, infinitely transmutable, just like the ruling metaphor of this long, elaborately constructed, energetic, vivid and ultimately disappointing novel?

The rocket is penile, of course, sexual and deadly. It comes. It gathers itself together and then disperses in a shower of death and dissolution, as does Tyrone Slothrop, who searches for the last of these giant phallus-weapons in the enormous haystack of post-surrender Germany. Slothrop, Sex, Death, I. G. Farben, General Electric, the House of Morgan, Skinnerian and Pavlovian Psychology, the Masons, a genius of organic chemistry named Jampf, a group of improbable southeast African rocket commandos, British Intelligence, Dutch Shell, the Dead and things and creatures even more arcane are all linked together in a plot of cosmic proportions, and the plot is History. The victim of the plot is Mankind. The vehicle of the plot is War. The ultimate end of it all is control of us all by a few super beings.

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This is paranoia of the most grandiose proportions. It is perhaps the most elaborate delusional system since the Malleus Maleficarum, the gazeteer of witchcraft and the devil written by a Swiss monk in the fifteenth century. Once you get into it it's pretty damn convincing. Can it be true? How come various I. G. Farben factories were untouched in allied precision bombing raids? Why do light bulbs have to wear out and who exactly does control bulb production? Why was Slothrop conditioned as an infant to react to the presence of death by having an erection? What was the connection between the psychologist who worked on him and certain international cartels? Explain how he has an infallible instinct for ploughing girls who are about to get squashed by German V-weapons. Ramifications, connections, worlds within and without worlds, solipsism and polypsism, an interworld of spooks. A seductive Dutch princess (in the Jewish sense). Malevolent parents. Drugstore Gauchos. A flying German sex ship. Dope fiends and Sado-Masochists. This is an infinitely varied world, and it probably makes more sense than the real one ever did. Unfortunately, as in most delusional systems, no one ever talks to anyone else, because if they did the whole Potemkin facade might collapse. When people get together in this book, they confirm one another's suspicions, which is to say, they confirm their isolation. The Control, The Consortium, The Plot, The Zone, keep us apart from one another. We've no time for anything but chasing their mysteries, their Grails, their holy and unholy arcana. We've got to watch out and keep alert at all times. Conspiracies are outrageously fascinating. How come your reviewer isn't mentioning Tchitcherine, the free-lance Russian colonel who is half-brother to the leader of the African rocket Kommando who worships the A-4? I could be in on it too. Tchitcherine may be the clue to the whole plot. The only way to find out is to get the book, read it carefully, try to decide for yourself.

Seriously, whether you accept *Gravity's Rainbow* as a great science fiction novel, a study of paranoid systems, as insiders' History or simply as fun, you ought to get hold of it one way or another and read it. The energy is seductive. There are great set pieces of writing: an escape from an underground rocket factory, the biography of an immortal light-bulb, a malevolent-mother-contest, a Teutonic Kiddie City, the inside story of what really went on at Peenemünde, the fall of the Reich as seen through a foaming glass of Berliner Weisse and a cloud of Cocaine, an excursion into an H. G. Wells-Raymond Massey city of the future that's actually the inside of Slothrop's head, and so on, and so on. On the other hand, there are flaws that may figuratively drive you up a wall.

At its worst, Pynchon's writing is so cute and mannered that he makes you think he may be Captain Marvel in disguise. The orgies are endless, repetitious and headache-provoking. Infinite invention for invention's sake can make your eyes cross. The characters' nicknames are clever, but not hilarious like Gogol's. Just clever. Sometimes you think: this isn't literature, it's just writing. In a novel this size there's a lot that can go wrong, and a lot of it does. Themes are picked up and dropped, characters never come to life, there are too many of them, the paranoid system is often coy, the infinite detail feels more like stuffing than dramatic support, the style is uneven and draws attention to itself, the self-consciousness of the voice is annoying, and so on.

Let's face it, other opinions to the contrary, this is not a great book, it is not *Moby Dick*, its focus is too narrow, its sense of life is, strangely, too limited despite the preoccupation with the meta-historical and the infinite. It says some valuable things about our confusion of Death and Sex. Giant Corporations are definitely not the most benevolent of human agencies. Something fishy is always going on behind the scenes. Something does keep trying to control us. Our need for tenderness is often sacrificed to our lust for power. That's true. But is it the whole spectrum of truth? What really goes on? We need to compare our delusions and our hopes. Perhaps we have more in common than despair. But let's not encourage one another's madness.

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REVIEWERS

AL LEVINE's first book of poems, *Prophecy in Bridgeport and Other Poems*, was published by Scribner's last fall.

FATHER JOHN R. DONAHUE, S.J., is assistant professor of biblical studies at Woodstock College.

ANNE FREMANTLE's most recent book is *George Eliot* (Haskell Publishers).

Jesus in Bad Company

ADOLF HOLL

Holt, Rinehart, Winston, $5.95

JOHN R. DONAHUE

"Whether Jesus in different guise can now enliven a tired Christianity is hardly to be predicted, though devoutly to be hoped. In any event this book was written in this hope." Judging from the popular response (over 50,000 copies sold and translation into 10 languages), Father Holl has presented a lively picture of Jesus. The different guise he suggests is Jesus as an "outsider" in place of the deified and domesticated Christ of the churches. Holl evolves his reflections on Jesus from three aspects of the historical ministry of Jesus: *criminality*—Jesus died a criminal's death and was a lawbreaker in his life; *independence of family*—he was not bound by family ties and initiated a movement in which hereditary succession did not prevail, and *the downward tendency*—his association with the lower classes of society and rejection of all authority. Speaking from his experience both as pastor to the working people of Vienna and instructor in religious studies at the University of Vienna, Father Holl reflects in a provocative way on the implications of these facts about Jesus in all spheres of life today—sex and the family, institutional religion, non-violent resistance, the generation gap.

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"The High Cost of living affects us all. And not just in the economic sense. Living with the problems and frustrations of modern life exacts an even higher toll than inflation, one that can't be settled with the help of a cost-of-living raise. There are friends and loan companies to patch up fiscal wounds—but little or no help available in healing the human wounds inflicted by living with the perennial and unrelenting pressures of loneliness, anxiety, illness, old age, sexual hang-ups, guilt and neuroses.

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LIVING WITH YOUR CONSCIENCE
by Dennis Geaney

With the great stress on the all-encompassing issues of today—abortion, ecology, war, divorce, civil rights, and so on—the individual conscience is literally bombarded with the ills of the century. Today, a person does not just have to "think right" about something, he has to "feel right" about it. The unfortunate phenomena within our society is that there are as many who feel right about abortion, war, etc., as who feel wrong. With such confused frames of reference and guidance it is no wonder that there is so much guilt, misunderstanding, and bad feelings in human and national relationships. Dennis Geaney, director of pastoral education at the Catholic Theological Union and author of many insightful books, sees the unique relationship between sin, guilt and conscience, between the interior and exterior input toward becoming a responsible person, and living with your conscience.

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LIVING WITH LONELINESS
By Eugene Kennedy

Eugene Kennedy describes loneliness as "the sign of man's interior life, a clue to his true center of gravity, a demanding core in our human nerves that calls man out of himself and toward others."
Priest-psychologist, professor and author of many best-selling books such as **The Pain of Being Human**, Father Kennedy puts loneliness into a realistic and human perspective as something inevitable in our lives, something that can and must be lived with. Loneliness is perhaps our most deceptive feeling, oftentimes the hidden thrust behind our everyday fears, frustrations and anxieties. And while there are many causes for *feeling lonely—being forgotten*, misunderstood, taken for granted, and innumerable little things that are hard to put a finger on—the fact is that loneliness can become a positive, motivational force in our lives if we can integrate it as *part of our total person.*

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LIVING WITH ILLNESS
By Hugh Calkins

It has never been easy to counsel a dear friend or relative who is dying a slow death of cancer or another terminal disease. It's even harder to ease the pain of the ones left alone, despairing or uncared for by the untimely injury or death of a parent, spouse or very close friend. Father Hugh Calkins draws on his years of experience as Catholic Chaplain at Elgin State Hospital and retreat master and lecturer to reveal helpful ways to overcome our own hesitancies, fears, and feelings of incompetence and helplessness in the face of suffering or tragedy. He deals with many of the stigmas of American society—abortion, *emotional and behavioral* problems, alcoholism, drug addiction, even compulsive gambling. Everyone needs to find a "why for suffering," and Father Calkins envisages both patient and minister within the Christian role of redemption in *finding purpose and meaning in* living with illness, and pain.

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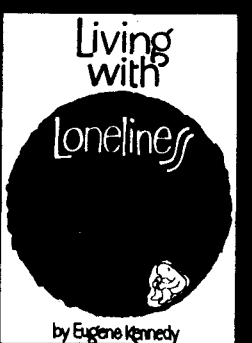

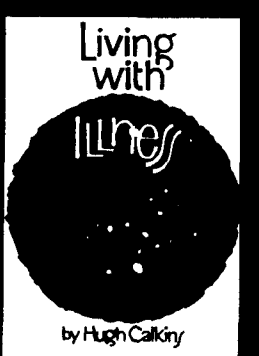

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In a real sense Holl attempts from a 1973 Catholic perspective pretty much what the 19th century "quest for the historical Jesus" attempted. Holl presents a human Jesus, attractive to the mentality of the reader's time and in its own way no less romantic than Renan's *Vie de Jésus* published in 1863. The central thesis of Holl's book—that the man, Jesus, is lost behind the divine Christ—is putting old wine in new wineskins. The new twist to Holl's position is an ingenious argument that the deification of Jesus is a symptom and cause of anti-Semitism. The argument is: deification means the giving of power; power produces aggression; aggression needs an outlet; the Christians felt hostile aggression to the Jewish historical Jesus for imposing impossible demands on them, but transferred this aggression to the ethnic brothers of Jesus. Therefore the further Christianity moves toward the Chalcedonian Christ, the more anti-Semitic the church becomes and remains. Apart from the historical and psychological oversimplification of such a thesis, anti-Semitism is too complex and too dangerous a phenomenon to be so easily explained.

The historical Jesus whom Holl finds after stripping away the layers of deification is a "radical" Jesus who associated with the outcasts of his society, attacked institutional religion and the priesthood, cared little about a sexual ethic. Holl claims that such a Jesus is better understood when studied in the light of modern social science rather than dry or esoteric biblical scholarship. Unfortunately his use of the social sciences is rather thin, producing such statements as "Anything above the mean income is considered to be above average, anything below it, below average," (Economics, p. 89); "In psychoanalytic terms, identification with Christ is capable of counteracting the despotic arbitrariness of the heavenly Father." (Psychoanalysis, p. 38), and "the increase in the frequency of contacts between two or more persons is linked with an increase in the feelings of sympathy that exist between them," (Social Psychology, p. 119).

While admitting that contemporary biblical scholarship (even when done by those not prejudiced by the deified Christ) makes it difficult to say much with certainty about the historical Jesus, Holl makes little attempt to set up criteria for what are the actual sayings of Jesus in contrast to sayings attributed to him by the first Christians. Here is the nub of the problem of the book. Holl has picked and chosen sayings and incidents from the Gospels to fit his image of Jesus. An equally arbitrary but different selection would give a different Jesus. The book is in danger of being a popularization not in the sense that it mediates the results of technical scholarship to a wider audience, but that it lets the needs of the audience dictate the data. While Holl comes out with an image of Jesus which appeals to those alienated by institutional religion, his method is no more sophisticated than others who would invoke sayings on the lips of Jesus in the Gospels to support a stable society and authoritarian ecclesial structure. The ultimate irony of Holl's work is that his own Jesus who was an "outsider" standing in opposition to and causing wonder from the people of his own time, becomes now the ultimate "insider," able to be appropriated by most any group for any purpose. The interpretive gulf between a faith image of Jesus of history is too easily bridged in Holl's work. Destruction of mystery leads to distortion of meaning.

At the end of the 19th-century quest for Jesus the gap existed between the Christ of faith and the Jesus of history. In Holl's work the order has been reversed. We are confronted with the "Jesus of faith" who is saved from the "Christ of history." When viewed as a personal reflection on possible meanings of the life of Jesus to the author and to those with whom he shares his pastoral concerns, Holl's work is a tribute to the vitality of the image of Jesus to speak to the needs of every age. The text is evocative, easy to read and raises important questions about the nature of religion today. However, when seen as attempt to circumscribe the elusive Jesus of history, because of its methodological and historical lacunae, Holl's work is a caution against making Jesus too available to the preconceptions and needs of any age.

Juror Number Four

EDWIN KENNEBECK

Norton, $6.95

Disturbers of the Peace

COLMAN McCARTHY

Houghton Mifflin, $5.95

Imprisoned in America

CYNTHIA OWEN PHILIP, ed.

Harper & Row, $6.95

ANNE FREMANTLE

These three books are about the functions of society—our society, United States society. When our body functions well, what we do and are is good, we work well, play tennis well, make love well. When society functions well, the economy is stable, the crime rate is low, relations with foreign powers are friendly. Individually, Americans may today be healthy, educated, and content, but, rather obviously, our society is none of these things.

Dean Robert Brustein, giving the commencement address at the Yale Drama School in 1970, said: "to graduate today is to enter a world of darkness and despair, of brutal unending war abroad, and repression and violence at home." How far is this because society has, functionally, broken down? *Juror Number Four* by Edwin Kennebeck, juror no. 4 in the New York trial of 13 Black Panthers that lasted from the fall of 1970 until May 11, 1971, is most reassuring. In spite of the fact that the police admitted they lied, in spite of microphones taped to the chests of police spies (even during guerrilla exercises in Central Park!), the jurors came quickly at trial's end to a unanimous verdict: 156 counts of Not Guilty. And that only a few months after Yale president Kingman Brewster had said no black man could get a fair trial

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in this country.

It is quite clear that these black men and women got a very fair trial. As one articulate defendant, Afeni Shakur said, after the trial was over, commenting on the long jury selection process, "All we wanted was a jury with a conscience." Mr. Kennebeck, a New York editor with Viking Press, is from Denver. He has written a most absorbing, engaging and amusing account of the long trial. He had no more knowledge in his "mild, middle-aged life" than the rest of us of the workings of the Law before he found himself a juror, but he has a wonderful ear and eye for the "New York combination of irony and understanding," and for the quirks of out-of-towners, too. The dialogues would have been hilarious, if the fate of thirteen human beings were not involved

Mr. Colman McCarthy's book is a collection of profiles of people who have refused to adjust to standards they believe are wrong. Mr. McCarthy, like Mr. Kennebeck middle-aged, but a Southerner, is an editorial-page writer for the *Washington Post*. Previously he was a speech writer for Sargent Shriver during the early days of the Office of Economic Opportunity. He thinks that "the sickness of passivity" arises less from a frustrated feeling that "you can't fight city hall" than "because in many people's outer lives little supplies the demands of their inner lives." Yet "with the benefit of good luck and a good editor," he has come upon a number of "common and mostly unknown people who quietly took stances of non-compliance." For the worst horror is not that "tragedies are inflicted upon us, but that with no fight and sometimes no murmur, we learn calmly to live with them." His statistics are staggering: 50% of this nation's drinking water has been discharged only a few hours earlier from some industrial or municipal sewer. By 1976 we will have the disposal problem of 58 billion nonreturnable bottles and cans. And what about the "forty million pounds of dog dung deposited annually on NY City Streets?" We shrug, and try not to step in it. . . .

Mr. McCarthy's heroes are non-adjusted (not *maladjusted*, as he points out, a very different breed of cat). One John Donovan bought two school buses from GM (whose chairman is paid three times more than is Mr. Nixon) and they continually broke down, so he was ruined—he had to go out of business. But not before he had forced GM to recall 4269 school buses and probably had saved umpteen school children's lives since the defects were brakes, brake-hoses, and rear steel brake lines. Posey Stewart, who drove the motorcar trails in No. 2 mine of the Eastern Gas and Fuel Company, was not as lucky as John Donovan, who only lost his job. Posey lost his life, since "the union that once protected the men from the bosses has become the union that protects the bosses from the men." Chuck Virgin's child was almost burnt alive from wearing flammable pajamas; since the accident he has been traveling up and down New Hampshire, alerting other parents. For that he is called a Communist by the textile people! Some of McCarthy's most successful "mad blind men who see" are from Appalachia, and it is heartening to read of a new pallet-making factory in Clairfield, started with no grants from government, no cash from Regional Commissions, no lobbying from any trade association in Washington. For this too is a cheerful book—in parts!

Mrs. Philip's anthology is about what happens to those who have been rejected by society, for whom the functional processes are in abeyance, static. She begins with prisoners of war, who in 1776 were "warehoused in whatever structures were available, from jails, sugar houses and churches to ship hulks." During that war, thousands died from disease, "starvation, cold and the venality of their keepers." On a British ship anchored off Brooklyn, a revolutionary wrote in 1781 that "we bury 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 & 11 men in a day; we have 200 more sick every day . . . I had almost forgot to tell you that our morning salutation is Rebels! Turn out your dead." Mrs. Philip also quotes from the first American conscientious objector, Norris Jones, a Quaker who was committed to the Philadelphia jail.

Mrs. Philip quotes letters from Robert Morris, the financier of the American Revolution, jailed nearly two years for debts of three million dollars; and Nat Turner's description of his "great work of death" written just before he was hanged; from the early Mormons, who boasted of their battles. She also gives examples of prison poetry (alas, not good) and tunes; also a pathetic suicide note "to whom it may concern. I can't stand to be flogged today I die." She tells of Caryl Chessman "found guilty of seventeen counts of kidnaping, robbery, grand theft and sex offense" in 1948; who was executed on May 2, 1960 in San Quenton after writing his *Trial by Ordeal*, which was smuggled out page by page by fellow inmates. And she ends with Attica. This book does not make particularly cheerful reading; but, compared with what the political prisoners of the South Vietnamese are suffering, it tells of a more compassionate society.

Jesus in Bad Company

A fresh look at a social outsider who questioned the institutions of his day

by Adolf Holl

"*Another* book on Jesus! No. I could not believe anyone had anything original to say, but Adolf Holl has written what is beyond any doubt the most informative, exasperating, readable, *and* original book on Jesus I have read in a decade. It is the result of expert research, shrewd imagination, and an unusual capacity for putting the two together. Best of all is Holl's capacity to make fresh use of the historical and sociological data of the time to cast a fresh light on an old subject. I feel I know Jesus better, after this book, than I ever did before."

—Harvey Cox,
author of *The Secular City*

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Michael Novak (Cont.)

by gnosticism, disembodied, extruded from community, with no sense of place.

It is one thing, as pilgrims en route, to accept the conditions of modern life, in all their secular emptiness. It is another to celebrate them. That is a myopia of formidable proportions, emptiness of spirit huge enough to generate an echo.

The pluralist Catholic, therefore, begins to cherish once again the limitations, even the flaws, of his own identity. Cardinal Spellman is at least as typical a Catholic as Father Berrigan, and the faults of the one and of the other are in many ways not merely personal to these two individuals but social, found in almost all of us. To accept the incarnate Catholicism of the 19th-century, is to accept Newman, but also Manning. A flawed community.

Catholics are a people. We have strengths others do not have, and grievous weaknesses at points where others are strong. Among ourselves there is also an habitual variety, which is so close to us we have often taken it for granted. To be a Catholic is to be simultaneously in institutional contact with Italians and Irishmen, Slavs and Germans; and to have a richer experience of class variation than most Protestant parishes, from poor through middle-class to wealthy; and a larger range of expressive styles, from devotional and Pentecostal to rational and scholastic; from passions for symbol and image to passions for logic and transcendental method. Being Catholic is already a pluralistic experience.

The pluralist Catholic does not go back to the sectarian period; but he goes beyond the open period. It is no doubt a prejudice to believe that the first type of Catholic is a little like childhood, the second a little like adolescence, and the third a little like middle age. It is true that Erik Erikson describes the stages of development in almost exactly such terms. But it is also true that not only psychological but also social developments are here described.

The pluralist Catholic is in a position to give a new content to the meaning of "Americanization." To judge by Protestant historians, even by wise and solid ones, being Catholic is worth perhaps two separate chapters in very fat books; for them, American religious history is basically Protestant history. Well, for at least 50 million Americans, a lot of religious history has been lived in this country that is not Protestant but Catholic.

This nation is scarcely aware how totally it has been changed by the Catholic presence in its major cities since, say, 1900. Protestants are no longer in a good position to understand Americanization. It isn't their property any longer. The country turned pluralist and Catholic in many of its judgments and tendencies, and historians have not yet measured by how much.

There are already some pluralist Protestants, too. But it was a little

Which Way?

PUBLIC CONSCIOUSNESS can take either of two routes. One would be to revive some form of social Darwinism, a justification for our privileged survival on the grounds that we must somehow be the fittest. Whether or not such a philosophy were expressed as overtly as it was in the 19th century, it would be manifested by a complex of tough-minded, no-nonsense attitudes: the onus for being poor would be rested upon the shoulders of the poor, and the responsibility of the rich would be not to waste precious resources on the weak. One can even foresee a stage stoicism admonishing us to bear up bravely under the burden of being the richest nation in the world, fated to feel the sharpest pangs at the sight of the unfortunate many. . . .

The other route would be to confront our own system. First, we would have to face the question of *redistribution* of wealth between rich and poor, a question we have avoided both internationally and domestically by hiding behind the banner of "growth." Second, we would have to reexamine the relationship between "growth" as we know it at present and the actual improvement or decline in the standard of living.

Which way we go will depend in good part on the reaction of the intellectual milieus which articulate our values.

—Peter Steinfels
Commonweal May 12, 1972

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harder to become aware of being odd, different, finite, when the texts and rituals of the public schools, the liturgies of governmental office, the literature and political traditions taught in universities, are mainly of one's own cultural history. One begins to mistake *that* for normality, even for reality itself.

The gift the pluralist Catholic has to offer the pluralist Protestant is a different meaning for America. The pluralist Protestant helped make America possible.

The pluralist Catholic, more strongly aware of the social and political position of his own people in America, no longer mesmerized by the false propaganda that they have "made" it, is ready to question the structures of America with the same intensity with which he has questioned the church. He wishes to make American symbols reflect his reality, too, and thus to enlarge America's possibilities.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 203)

a metaphor for loneliness, for a sense of the self as stranded in a symbolic geography, almost before the writer has done anything to make this happen. Lives are "vacant and barren and loveless." Gass writes, "here in the heart of the country." Who cares," he asks later, "to live in any season but his own?"

R. B. SILVERS
Co-Editor
New York Review

Amnesty for Vets

Toronto, Ontario

To the Editors: I wish to thank you for the strong and clear editorial in favor of universal and unconditional amnesty for war resisters, in your March 16 issue. It is precisely the responsible and forthright stand that we looked for from you, and continue to hope for from that sector of moral leadership in our country which encouraged us to question, and to resist our government's aggressive activities in Indochina.

From the point of view of war resisters, there are two important changes we might suggest to you: while war resisters continue to be prisoners of war, we do not look for a hero's welcome, but simply the restoration of our rights as citizens—including the right to dissent and to resist participation in wars with which we disagree.

Also, amnesty supporters must not fool themselves that Senator Buckley's anti-amnesty position is "typical." He represents the 12 percent opposed to any kind of amnesty, as opposed to the 29 percent for unconditional amnesty. The rest are in the middle, to be won by one side or the other. That's why your strong stand is important, and will hopefully generate activity from those who agree with it to win those who are not yet convinced.

Two other facts should be noted: first, that there are more war resisters still in the United States, living "underground" or awaiting prosecution, than in exile. This number is probably as high as 200,000 while there probably are no more than 50,000 of us in exile.

Second, the single largest group in need of amnesty are veterans with other than "Honorable" discharges—over half a million. With a "Bad Conduct Discharge," for instance, a man will have great difficulty getting a job, and is denied all veterans' benefits. He is not entitled to unemployment compensation, reemployment rights, or civil service preference under the Dept. of Labor's program for veterans, nor to vocational rehabilitation or educational assistance under the Veterans Administration. With a "Dishonorable Discharge," a man may not vote, be employed by state or federal governments, or have use of passport to travel.

These vets are being marked for life because of the low military morale caused by the Indochina disaster. Many of these discharges—the ones not directly connected to anti-war activity or rebellion against military racism—were connected with dope supplied by our Government's clients in Saigon. These vets, like all war resisters, must not be the scapegoats for our Government's folly in Asia.

Again, thanks for your support.

DEE CHARLES KNIGHT
Managing Editor
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